The Rifleman - Season 4, Episode 12 - The High Country - Full Episode

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[Speaker 5]

Well, if the spring's a little weak, you'd better order a new one. Ah!

[Speaker 4]

Looks like we got some visitors, Pa.

[Speaker 3]

I ain't never seen a rifle firing like that before.

[Speaker 1]

She sure spits out lead, don't she? Well, why don't we water up here?

[Speaker 5]

Saw those two in town last night. One of them's a troublemaker. Might get thrown out of North Fork.

[Speaker 1]

An animal would like a drink. Well, there's the water. Help yourself.

Oh, go on. Mighty fast shooting gun you got there, mister. I got some beaver pelts.

An old Jake over there might be willing to trade you for it. Sorry, stranger. This rifle's not for sale.

[Speaker 5]

Hey, son, you better let me give you a hand.

[Speaker 1]

Hey, Gorward, you bring them beaver pelts out of my bag. I just made myself a trade.

[Speaker 10]

Fork last night for your bad manners. Now get up and get on your horse and get out of here. Go on.

[Speaker 3]

Well, maybe we ought to just go on, Ambrose.

[Speaker 1]

Now, I'm set on getting that gun. He turned down a fair trade because we was mountain boys.

[Speaker 3]

Well, maybe he just didn't want to give his own gun up.

[Speaker 1]

Oh, now, 10 beaver pelts, he could buy himself a new gun for that. It's like them town people thinking us mountain boys is so much dirt. I reckon it's dark enough now.

[Speaker 4]

How does it look now, Pa?

[Speaker 5]

Well, that's a good job of braiding, son. Almost ready to sew on the buckle.

[Speaker 4]

Yep. Think maybe we can use a silver dollar for a buckle, like those Texas trailhands wear?

[Speaker 1]

I don't know if we have to use something worth a dollar, Mark. Tell you what, you finish up the braiding. I'll get that old saddle we bought from Santa Coban.

It's got a silver cinch. Might even look prettier than a silver dollar.

[Speaker 11]

All right.

[Speaker 6]

He's dead, son. The rifle went off accidentally when the other fella jumped me.

[Speaker 4]

What are we going to do now, Pa?

[Speaker 6]

Well, first I'll tell Micah so he can arrange for a proper burial. Then tomorrow, I'd better return his horse to his folks.

[Speaker 4]

Up in the high country?

[Speaker 6]

It's the least I can do.

[Speaker 4]

Should I come along with you, Pa?

[Speaker 5]

Well, they're strange people, son. But they live close to the good book. I'm sure it'll be all right.

Come on, help me hitch the wagon. We'll take him into town.

[Speaker 1]

Ambrose, Tully fetched us news we were hoping is wrong. I'll cut my right arm off I could make it wrong, dear mama. Corwin was gunned down with no more ceremony paid to him than a sick hound dog ready for his grave.

[Speaker 8]

May the Lord rest his soul.

[Speaker 1]

Do you see this town fellow who did it? I was just telling Mrs. Morgan here. Having no gun, I had to go scampering off here.

And the same thing might happen to me. Poor Corwin, just like an old hound dog, didn't have a chance. I like never made it myself.

Old Jake broke his leg down on the waist. Took me almost a whole day getting here. We'll hold proper services, Mrs. Morgan. Giving proper and respectful attention to your only son leaving us. Then we'll. Well, that's him.

That's the fellow what killed Corwin. This horse I brought belongs to.

[Speaker 8]

We know who it belongs to, mister. What we don't know is why you killed my boy.

[Speaker 1]

I didn't kill a man. And I didn't know he was your boy. I sure offer you my.

Are you saying you didn't kill Corwin Morgan, mister? We got somebody here says you did. Oh, from what I've seen of this man, I wouldn't take any stock in what he says.

You saying Corwin Morgan didn't die by your hand? That's right. It was an accident.

Ah. Man's got a right to defend himself. You'll have a turn telling your story.

Turn? I'm talking at your trial, mister. I didn't come up here for a trial.

I don't know what this man's told you, but I can guarantee you it's far from the truth. Truth is what we're after. We'll go inside, hold a fair trial.

[Speaker 9]

Move, Clarence. Clarence, come on now.

[Speaker 1]

I sure swear to tell him the truth. I just hope this townsman here sees fit to show the same respect to this book. Just tell it simple, Ambrose.

Don't fancy up the details. Well, no sooner than Gore and me set foot into town, they throwed us into jail. Yes, sir, right into jail.

No sooner we showed our faces than we heard somebody yell, mountain boys. Then they started roughing us and shoving us around. Yelling at us to get out.

Well, we didn't get. Now, pride, kind of. Well, into jail we went.

You know how them town people looked at us last year when we went into town.

[Speaker 7]

You looking to buy them store-bought shoes? Have we ever been treated right and proper going into any town? No, sir.

[Speaker 1]

I reckon we know how they feel about us mountain folk. Is that what you call a truth? Make him tell you how drunk he got, how he smashed the feed store window, how he insulted half the women in North Fork.

Now, just a minute. We know Ambrose here ain't no lily white. But you'll get a chance to talk later.

And I don't see this has anything to do with this here trial, Ambrose. Now, suppose you get round to telling us about Garwin. Well, we left town, heading back for the hills.

A place where a man can hold his head up. It's where a lion in chief ain't nothing but a word for book learning. And passing this here fella's place, we thought we'd water the horses.

And maybe that's where our trouble really started. When he said that hill folk weren't no account welcome on his land. That's a lie.

[Speaker 3]

Now, the next man that uses any violence at this here trial is going to make an accountant to me.

[Speaker 1]

I'm all right, sir. You sit down over there, boy.

[Speaker 3]

And you, mister. I don't know how they conduct trials in town. But up here, we aim to get all the facts.

Now, you be quiet until your turn comes.

[Speaker 1]

Go on, Ambrose. Well, we started to leave. Then I saw this gun the fella had.

I ask him, be a fair trade. 10 beaver pelts for a rifle? He says, sure.

So he takes his gun down and turns around real slow-like with a smile on his face like he's thinking of a joke or something. And that's when he shot Gorwin.

[Speaker 7]

That's all. Him smiling like he'd never seen nothing so funny in his life. Gorwin falling to the ground and squirming his life blood poured out in the dirt.

Liar!

[Speaker 11]

Liar! Liar!

[Speaker 1]

Easy, son. Easy. Your turn's come, mister.

And keep in mind, you're in the presence of the good book. The truth here is fairly simple. Ambrose here and Gorwin came to my ranch and tried to buy my rifle.

I wouldn't sell it.

[Speaker 10]

So they came back later that night and tried to steal it.

[Speaker 2]

My boy would never steal.

[Speaker 10]

I beg your pardon, ma'am. Ambrose here tried to steal it.

[Speaker 5]

I meant to say your son was with him.

[Speaker 1]

Are you saying you shot Gorwin when they were trying to make off with your rifle? Nobody shot Gorwin. Ambrose jumped me, tried to take the rifle away, and the gun went off in the scuffle.

Gorwin happened to be standing by when the bullet hit.

[Speaker 5]

It was an accident, pure and simple. Come here, boy.

[Speaker 1]

Now so far, it's your pa's word against the word of one of our own. I don't know your pa if a lie would stick in his throat. But I know it ain't natural for a man raised among us to lie.

So what I'm going to do, boy, is take your word for what happened. Maybe we'll be releasing a man who's guilty. But better one man go free on our misjudgment than one paying for something he didn't do.

[Speaker 4]

Like pa said, he started out of the house when this man jumped him trying to get the rifle. It just went off by itself.

[Speaker 1]

You saw that, boy? Oh, sure I did. Well, boy?

[Speaker 4]

I didn't exactly see it. I was in the house. I heard the rifle go off.

And when I went outside, pa was going to Gorwin's body.

[Speaker 3]

You heard that gun go off, and you ran outside right away?

[Speaker 4]

Oh, yes, sir.

[Speaker 1]

Where was the rifle, boy?

[Speaker 4]

Pa was carrying it. I can't believe.

[Speaker 1]

In the face of hearing all sides of this story, anyone thinking this man is not guilty of killing Gorwin Morgan can speak his peace. So be it. The verdict is guilty.

Now, wait a minute. If I had one more witness to back up Ambrose's words against you, I'd hang you, mister. But since I haven't, I'm going to sentence you to labor five years in the service of Mrs. Morgan, replacing that service you took from her when you killed her son. Put the chains on him. But you.

[Speaker 3]

Wait a minute. Oh, you stay here with your pa. You learn your keep by doing chores.

[Speaker 1]

With my hands on you, Ambrose, I'll shove your lying tongue down your throat. You ain't going to be doing nothing, mister, seeing as I'm marrying into this family. I'm volunteering to see that you do your share of the work for the next five years.

And I'm thinking at the end of that time, you're going to be just as tame as a two-day-old kitten.

[Speaker 2]

Eat, boy. Youngins need growing strength.

[Speaker 4]

I'm not hungry.

[Speaker 2]

Here's to me, boy. You got no cause to be a moonin'. If a near pa was a mountain boy in a tri down there in town, he'd be a hanging pretty quick once he was a judge guilty of killing.

My pa didn't kill nobody. Blown up, boy. Nothing unnatural a boy believe in his own pa.

Fix McCain a dish of middles.

[Speaker 1]

Well, you put a little in that first.

[Speaker 2]

Now, you hear me out, boy. Just yesterday, I had a fine son. And today, I'm a grieving.

I'm a trying to keep the hate from my heart. Now, there's no hate in me for you and your pa. But I got services coming to me for my loss.

It's not right. My pa being chained and worked. Well, maybe it don't seem right to you.

Because you don't see us as real people up here, having laws and the right to keep the peace. But it's just as right as your town folk is sending a man off to their prison for five years. Now, I'm trying to say that I'll treat you as my own, long as you deserve the treating.

But don't press me, boy. Don't stir up the grieving.

[Speaker 4]

You don't look like the kind of man to shoot Garland without cause.

[Speaker 5]

I didn't shoot Garland. Ambrose was lying.

[Speaker 8]

Now, just what would you want to do with some silly old saw fire?

[Speaker 5]

It takes some doing, but it just might cut through these chains.

[Speaker 8]

Just might it that?

[Speaker 5]

Well, I'm sure obliged to you, miss.

[Speaker 8]

You ain't got it yet.

[Speaker 11]

Good enough for you, huh? The town man is?

[Speaker 2]

Ah! Ambrose! Stop it.

[Speaker 1]

I catched him and she together. Get in the house. Now, you just give me 10 minutes alone with him, Mrs. Morgan. We'll settle for all time as to what his proper place is around here.

[Speaker 2]

Yeah, well, when a whoopin' needs handin' out, I'll do the sayin'. Now, go on to bed. What?

Mister, I don't intend to be worrying about you day and night. Now, you'll eat, sleep, do the chores Ambrose sets out for you, and you'll put in every day of your lawful time to me. Now, boy, say goodnight to your pa and come along.

[Speaker 6]

Mark, I want you to try and get out of here if you can.

[Speaker 4]

I'm not livin' without you, Pa.

[Speaker 6]

You can see Ma. I can bring help back, son.

[Speaker 4]

I can't leave without you. They'll do somethin' to you.

[Speaker 6]

I want you to do as I tell you. Come along, boy.

[Speaker 4]

It's bedtime.

[Speaker 6]

Go along now, Mark. I'll talk to you tomorrow. Be careful.

[Speaker 1]

Put them buckets on the floor so you can come back and pick up some of this wood and fetch up the wood bed. Nobody told you to rest, McCain.

[Speaker 7]

You ever do any plowing, McCain? Front of a plow? Come on, boy!

[Speaker 5]

Mark, do everything you're told. We're leaving here at midnight. I have a file.

[Speaker 6]

One chain link's cut halfway through.

[Speaker 1]

Well, what are you doing, boy?

[Speaker 9]

You sure are clumsy, boy.

[Speaker 6]

If you touch that boy again, I'll tear your throat out.

[Speaker 1]

Oh-ho-ho! That sure makes you riled, don't it, mister? Well, it's just a sample, unless you say you killed Gorwin.

Guess we'll have to start by teaching this young'un some manners. Let that boy go!

[Speaker 9]

You just watch, mister. You just watch and see what's gonna get comin' to you, huh? Let that boy go!

[Speaker 11]

Stop it!

[Speaker 3]

Mister!

[Speaker 1]

As God-fearin' people, we temper justice with mercy, mister. But maybe you'll be forcin' us to carry out a hangin'.

[Speaker 5]

You talk like a man, but you're nothing but a hypocrite! You're all one big sham!

[Speaker 6]

Everybody's got a right to set up a community, make laws for their own protection. But this is the first place I've ever been.

[Speaker 1]

have ever been at the first kind of people I ever met who based their justice on where a man's from. Because he's one of your own, you accept blasphemy from him? Well, so be it.

But don't you call it law or justice. Yeah. Let's see how much talking he can do with a rope stretching his neck.

Wait! You hear?

[Speaker 3]

You talk big words, mister. But words don't mean much when the man who's speaking them is looking out for his own skin. Would you say, mister, that a liar and a coward are generally one and the same?

[Speaker 1]

I'd say if a man is one, he's usually the other. Light two torches. Fetch some tools to take his chains off.

We're going to see and look for the coward between you and Ambrose, and the liar. Take this, mister. If he runs, shoot him down.

Make a circle.

[Speaker 3]

All right, mister.

[Speaker 1]

Now let's see who's the hypocrite. I can't have been raised on this torch fighting, mister. Got a few burns here and there, but you see me alive and jumping.

[Speaker 6]

You think a liar and a coward are one and the same, Ambrose? Well, I think he is.

[Speaker 1]

So you just be a brave man, and keep saying you were telling the truth.

[Speaker 7]

Don't. Don't! No!

I was lying! I was lying! Don't!

Don't!

[Speaker 3]

Put the chains on him.

[Speaker 1]

Well, you can't put no chains on me. I'm one of you. You ain't no longer one of us.

You lied to your own. That Jeremiah was an accident. Now, Miss Morgan, I...

The punishment that was to be meted out to the stranger is going to be meted out to you. Mrs. Morgan, with beef bringing little or nothing on the market, I'd appreciate it if you'd take a heifer off our hands.

[Speaker 2]

Thank you, Mr. McCain. Fresh milk, something comes in mighty handy. We're beholden for your forgiveness.

[Speaker 10]

Thanks, Claire. Come on, son.

[Speaker 2]

It's best we get about our chores.

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